

UNA-NIMOUS!

The crowd were certainly unanimous outside Buckingham Palace, as they welcomed Submarine men decorated by H.M. Queen Elizabeth. See pictures on back page.

THE SALUTE AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE

I MIGHT as well linger a little longer on that magic staircase of the National Sporting Club. In 1918, a few months before Kaiser Wilhelm's cunning gang asked for a breather to get their second wind, and we, like the sporting mugs we were, let them have it, things were very quiet at the N.S.C.

One morning, when the club was deserted by members, there entered the vestibule a khaki-clad figure wearing a glengarry: a tall, upright veteran, hard as nails, iron-grey hair above a face that bespoke many a storm weathered and many a hard battle fought.

With firm tread he mounted these stairs. At the top he stopped dead; then he drew himself to attention and saluted very gravely, and, with an air almost of reverence, stood still before passing on to the committee room.

There, Mr. A. F. Bettinson, working alone at his desk, heard a knock, shouted "Come in," and was astonished to see a stranger standing in the doorway unannounced.

"Good morning, Mr. Bettinson. I see you don't remember me. I'm Paddy Slavin."

"God bless my heart! I'm delighted to see you. Where on earth have you been all these years? In khaki, too—never too old to fight—the same old Slavin. Well, this is good to blow away the blues. Let's have a drink and tell me how you have come to life again like this."

Nobody ever gave Slavin the reputation of a talker. He was, almost throughout his life, taciturn. His motto in life had been "Deeds, not words," and in his prime he was indeed a great fighter. Fate had not dealt too kindly with him, and he met the rough far more frequently than he did the smooth.

It had been rumoured that he met his death, as so many did, in the Klondyke gold rush, and for many years most of his old associates were under the impression that he had left his bones in the frozen North.

The name of Frank P. Slavin, "the Sydney Cornstalk," was one of the honoured ones among the older members of the N.S.C.

He had come here first from Australia in the autumn of 1889, and in a contest at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster (the site of the present Central Hall), he knocked out one of our leading boxers of the time, Bill (Chesterfield) Goode in five rounds. After knocking out Jim Young in the first round he was matched to fight Jim Smith, the last of England's bare-knuckle champions. By this time it was no longer safe, nor desirable, to stage a fight under the old Prize Ring rules in this country, so Smith and Slavin crossed the Channel to Bruges, in Belgium, where they fought fourteen rounds to a draw.

In the following year Slavin knocked out Joe McAuliffe in two rounds at the Ormonde Club in London. His reputation ran high at this period, and the general opinion was that only one man remained for him to conquer, and that was the already world-famous black, Peter Jackson.

A match between this famous pair was inevitable and could

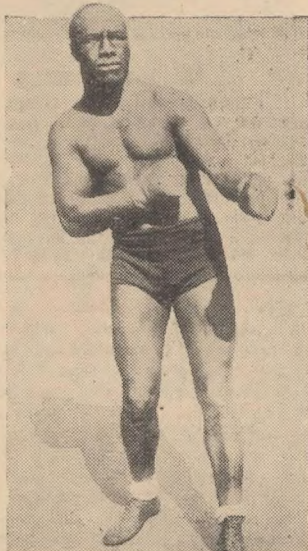
★Another milestone in "The Golden Age of Boxing" is told in this intimate behind-the-scenes story by W. H. MILLIER

not be long delayed. It was what our American friends would term a "natural." The meeting just had to come about.

A year's delay

Slavin took the ring on the opening night of the N.S.C., when he boxed an exhibition bout with Charlie Mitchell. This only served to whet their appetites for more of Slavin, but the members had to wait a year before the match was finally fixed.

Shortly after the N.S.C. opened its doors, Jackson went



PETER JACKSON

to San Francisco, where he fought his memorable battle with that great American boxer Jim Corbett. This contest was called a draw after the pair had battled through sixty-one rounds.

Following two easy contests in Chicago, Peter made tracks for London with a greatly enhanced reputation, and when it was made known that he had signed articles to meet Slavin, the sporting community of this sporting country of ours threw their hats in the air.

I have had the details of that remarkable fight recounted to me over and over again, and I can truthfully say that I have known them off by heart for something like forty years.

Even now, if one can discover a member of the rapidly diminishing band of enthusiasts who had the good fortune to be present at the N.S.C. on that Monday night of Derby Week, 1892, he will still declare that it was the greatest fight ever seen.

Enough for me to say that "Peggy" Bettinson, than whom there was no better judge in my knowledge of the man, gave it as his candid opinion that the Slavin-Jackson fight was the greatest he ever saw, and that Jackson was undoubtedly the greatest fighter of his lifetime.

Peter Jackson was born at Porto Rico, West Indies, but his spiritual home was in Australia,

where he first became famous. He returned to Australia when his fighting days were over, and died at the early age of 40.

He was buried at Roma, Queensland, and such was the esteem in which he was held that a public subscription was raised to provide an elaborate memorial tomb worthy of a monarch.

The white black

Paradoxical as it sounds, all who knew him used to say, "Jackson is the whitest black in the world."

Throughout the whole of his career, in or out of the ring, there was never the breath of scandal coupled with the name of Peter Jackson; he was beloved by all. His name has been handed down as something to live up to among boxers in Australia. I have yet to meet the Australian boxer who has not been to Queensland to visit Jackson's tomb.

Albert Lloyd, who fought some good contests in England in the early 1920s, told me: "The name of Jackson is worshipped in my country. Any visitor to Queensland for the first time makes his pilgrimage to Jackson's tomb much as people visiting England go to Westminster Abbey."

Jackson told Mr. Bettinson that he learned his boxing from Jim Mace. Wherever Mace was appearing, Jackson would go to study every detail of his boxing. Jim Mace is always referred to as the father of boxing, as indeed he was.

Not long ago a boxing enthusiast asked how it came about that the grave of Jim Mace, a name second to none in ring history, was weed-choked and neglected in Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool, with nothing in the shape of a memorial to mark the great figure that was laid thereunder.

Peter Jackson was never heard to boast, and he never belittled an opponent. When asked what he thought of his chances with Slavin just before their meeting, he would say no more than that he knew he was opposed to a tremendously strong fighter, but he hoped he would beat him.

For his part, Slavin, who seldom said much at any time, was pretty sure he would win, for, as he said, he "would never let a nigger beat him."

No doubt one of the reasons why this encounter has been termed the classic contest was that the men were so evenly matched. Both were exactly 6ft. 1½in., and weighed the same to an ounce, that is, 13st.

Peter was the cool, skilful boxer, and Slavin the hard-hitting, fiery fighter. At the start Slavin charged in like a wild bull, only to be met with a straight left that jolted him to a halt.

Slavin's rushes would have swept many a man off his feet, but Jackson's clever evasion and his stabbing left kept him out of danger. It would have needed only one of Slavin's pile-drivers to settle the issue.

As the rounds wore on, and Jackson's supreme skill became more evident, Slavin must have known that his only hope lay in getting to close quarters where he could use his tremendous strength in smashing body blows. Jackson knew that, too,



and was equally determined to keep the fight at long range. It takes a skilful boxer to do that against a powerful opponent.

Slavin was superbly fit, and he continued his fierce onslaught in face of tremendous punishment. That wildly exciting sixth round was so fierce in the quickening tempo of the battle that to onlookers it seemed the end must come. Summoning all his strength, Slavin launched an attack which seemed almost to overwhelm the black.

A terrible blow

At last it seemed that all Jackson's skill would go for nothing against such a terrific bombardment, which was but a prelude to the punch that Slavin had meant to be the final and conclusive blow.

Poising himself for a split second, Slavin drove in the most terrific blow even the most hardened of veteran fight followers had ever seen.



FRANK SLAVIN

An involuntary gasp broke out from the whole assembly as Jackson doubled up like a jack-knife. Even he failed to stifle his gasp of pain.

Balancing himself again for the finishing punch, Slavin jerked out a curse of frustration as the bell rang the end of the round.

Had that terrible body blow been delivered a few seconds earlier, nothing could have saved Jackson.

His seconds worked on him in a frenzy of effort to undo the damaging effects, and Jackson said to them, "If he hits me like that again I'm done."

It speaks volumes for Jackson's skill that he defeated all Slavin's subsequent attempts to

repeat that punch. At first he was purely on the defensive, then, as his strength returned, Jackson's straight left took up the attack and he kept his opponent at long range.

Slavin was now beginning to feel the effects of all the energy he had expended in his earlier efforts. As he slowed down the negro increased the pace, and it became apparent that the end was in sight.

Came the end

With almost superhuman determination, Slavin fiercely tried to crash down his opponent's defences, only to receive heavy punishment, and the onlookers marvelled at his powers of endurance. When Slavin sank into his chair at the end of the ninth round his seconds advised him to retire. "I'll never give up to a nigger," was his reply, and he went out to meet the end.

Face battered beyond recognition, eyes almost closed, that great strength at its last ebb, Slavin had only his unquenchable spirit undamaged. Jackson saw his chance had come. Scarcely had the echo of the bell signalling the tenth round died down when the negro shot over a right that landed clean on the jaw. Slavin swayed and fell.

Not for him the rest on the floor. His spirit was not subdued. He struggled up and stood waiting, scarcely able to lift his arms. It was a sight at once pitiful and heroic that moved the most hardened of men.

Jackson, like the good sportsman he was, hated to hit his beaten opponent. He looked appealingly at the referee, but he might as well have looked at the Sphinx.

That stone-hearted referee shook his head, shouted "Box on," and Jackson went about his distasteful task.

Saying, loud enough for everyone to hear, "I'm sorry, Frank," he landed a punch thought to be the merciful end. Still Slavin kept to his feet, and Jackson hit out, but could not beat down that amazing will power which enabled Slavin to keep up.

Out—but not down!

Five sickening blows Jackson had to land before Slavin sank slowly to the floor. Then came the most intense moment of this never-to-be-forgotten fight. As the referee counted off the seconds, all so slowly, it seemed, Slavin, his senses scattered and aching body crying out for oblivion, clasped Jackson round the knees and hung there. That undying spirit made him refuse

to be counted out lying on the floor.

The beaten, yet still unbeaten, gladiator, clinging to the knees of his victor, who stood, panting, looking down at his opponent with a compassion not far removed from tears, is the scene that recalls Kipling's words: "But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed, nor birth, when two great men meet face to face though they come from the ends of the earth."

Could there, I wonder, be a more fitting epilogue to this than to add that twenty-six years later Slavin, after enduring all the hardships of the wilderness, and after spending three years in the soul-destroying atmosphere of blood, lust, and hate that characterised the trench warfare against the Germans, came to the old club on the first day of his leave?

When he reached the top of that historic staircase he stopped and saluted. He saluted the picture of Peter Jackson.

SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY

WHEN the Ship's Cat saw his first kitten he said, "Let's celebrate this!" And so "Ship's Cat's Kitty"—a scheme for providing comforts for submariners—was born. The public subscribed the money, we were happily able to use it to purchase cards, games, puzzles, musical instruments, etc., for



you. We hope you have received some of them and are now enjoying their use.

We are always anxious to hear of the needs of the submariners, and if it is in our power to provide for those needs—the Ship's Cat's Kitty will respond.—B. D. N.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—45

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after EADFA, and make a word.

2.—The following groups of letters, when rearranged, make the names of some well-known islands. What are they?—NYLOOE, ADEEGLNRR, AAALMNST, AAACIJM, ADDINRT.

3.—Can you change TEAR into MEND, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: LAMB into GOAT, TROT into SKIP, SEA into AIR.

4.—How many five-letter words can you make from the word PENULTIMATE?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 44

1.—INSULIN.
2.—BILLIARDS, BASEBALL, CRIBBAGE, BACKGAMMON.
3.—BIRD, BARD, CARD, CART, CAST, LAST, LEST, NEST.

TWIG, SWIG, SWIM, SLIM, SLAM, SEAM, TEAM, TEAK, LEAK, LEAF.
MEAD, MEND, LEND, LAND, LANE, PANE, PALE, DALE, COLD, BOLD, BOLT, BELT, BEAT, HEAT.

4.—Stem, Tame, Mist, Case, Mate, Cast, Came, Item, Meat, Mite, Time, Same, Sate, etc.

QUIZ for today

1. What is a cockatrice?
2. Who wrote "Candide"?
3. Which of these names is an "intruder" and why? Gainsborough, Turner, Epstein, Rubens, Rembrandt, Constable.
4. What is the old name for (a) Istanbul, (b) Wupperthal, and where are they?
5. What is the smallest county in the United Kingdom?
6. What is pumpernickel?
7. How does one walk "wider-shins"?
8. What is sesame?
9. Who was Pooh Bah?
10. How many times would the figure 1 be used in numbering a row of houses from 1 to 100?
11. In what year did the Mayflower sail from England with the Pilgrim Fathers?
12. What is meant by (a) Old Glory, (b) the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

Answers to Quiz in No. 82

1. A poisonous snake.
2. Beethoven. Tolstoy wrote a novel with the same name.
3. Whiskey is a spirit; the others are wines.
4. Thirty acres.
5. Lake Ladoga, 6,960 square miles.
6. (a) An elephant, (b) a giraffe.
7. With characteristics of both sexes.
8. The green colouring matter in plants.
9. Daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, Scotland.
10. Fourpence; last coined in 1856.
11. 1296.
12. Nickname for a native of Nova Scotia.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and ideas
to the Editor



By HERMAN
MELVILLE

Our Typee friends availed themselves of the recent disaster of Toby to exhort us to a due appreciation of the blessings we enjoyed among them; contrasting their own generous reception of us with the animosity of their neighbours.

They likewise dwelt upon the cannibal propensities of the Happers, a subject which they were perfectly aware could not fail to alarm us; while at the same time they earnestly disclaimed all participation in so horrid a custom. Nor did they omit to call upon us to admire the natural loveliness of their own abode, and the lavish abundance with which it produced all manner of luxuriant fruits; exalting it in this particular above any of the surrounding valleys.

Such was Toby's account of this sad affair. I afterwards learned that fortunately he had

the moral reflections it suggested; and proceeded in such a strain of unintelligible and stunning gibberish, that he actually gave me the headache for the rest of the day.

In the course of a few days Toby had recovered from the effects of his adventure with the Happer warriors; the wound on his head rapidly healing under the vegetable treatment of the good Tinor. Less fortunate than my companion, however, I still continued to languish under a complaint, the origin and nature of which were still a mystery.

Cut off as I was from all intercourse with the civilised world, and feeling the inefficacy of anything the natives could do to relieve me; knowing, too, that so long as I remained in my present condition it would be impossible for me to leave the valley, whatever opportunity might present itself; and apprehensive that ere long we might be exposed to some caprice on the part of the islanders, I now gave up all hopes of recovery, and became a prey to the most gloomy thoughts. A deep dejection fell upon me, which neither the friendly remonstrances of my companion, the devoted attentions of Kory-Kory, nor all the soothing influences of Faya-way, could remove.

One morning, as I lay on the mats in the house plunged in melancholy reverie, and regardless of everything around me, Toby, who had left me about an hour, returned in haste, and with great glee told me to cheer up and be of good heart, for he believed, from what was going on among the natives, that there were boats approaching the bay.

These tidings operated upon me like magic. The hour of our deliverance was at hand, and, starting up, I was soon convinced that something unusual was about to occur. The word "botee! botee!" was vociferated in all directions; and shouts were heard in the distance, at first feebly and

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first's in CORVETTE, but not in SLOOP.
My second's in FORECASTLE, not in POOP.
My third's in SHIPS, but not in TANKS.
My fourth's in TOMMIES, but not in RANKS.
My fifth's in FLEET, but not in CREWS.
My sixth's in COFFEE, as well as BOOZE.
My seventh's in LOWER, but not in DECK.
My eighth is in BELGIAN, but not in CZECH.

(Solution on Page 3)

JANE



This England and these English

THE FREE SPIRIT

THE fruits of the free spirit of man do not grow in the garden of tyranny. As long as we have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, men will turn their faces towards us and draw their breath more freely.

—Lord Baldwin.



fallen close to a spot where the natives go for fuel. A party of them caught sight of him as he fell, and, sounding the alarm, had lifted him up; and after ineffectually endeavouring to restore him at the brook, had hurried forward with him to the house.

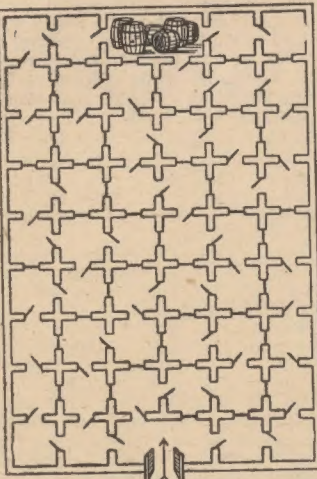
This incident threw a dark cloud over our prospects.

our minds proper views on these subjects, that, assisted in his endeavours by the little knowledge of the language we had acquired, he actually made us comprehend a considerable part of what he said. To facilitate our correct apprehension of his meaning, he at first condensed his ideas into the smallest possible compass.

"Happer keekeenoo nuce," he exclaimed; "nuce, nuce, ki ki kannaka!—ah! owle motarkee!" which signifies, "Terrible fellows those Happers!—devour an amazing quantity of men! ah, shocking bad!"

As he continued his harangue, however, Kory-Kory, in emulation of our more polished orators, began to launch out rather diffusely into other branches of his subject, enlarging probably upon

ROLL OUT THE BARREL



A number of soldiers were billeted in a fine old mansion. It was rumoured that there were several barrels of wine in the cellar. There were 52 rooms in the mansion, and the only difficulty was to find the way to the wine cellar, for they were forbidden to break open closed doors. They found an open way in the end, though some got lost a second time coming back. See if you have the luck to get through at your first attempt.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?

There is only one thing we feel envious about in this picture and that is the eggs. There is no rationing system in Central Africa, where the little pot-bellied fellow belongs. He was caught by our roving cameraman immediately after the accident, surveying the seven shells that had fallen off the basket. In a state of deep melancholy he was wondering how he could work up an excuse that his mother would accept. And anyway, why can't fowls lay eggs with shells that won't break so easily?

faintly, but growing louder and nearer at each successive repetition, until they were caught up by a fellow in a cocoa-nut tree a few yards off, who, sounding them in turn, they were reiterated from a neighbouring grove, and so died away gradually from point to point, as the intelligence penetrated into the fastest recesses of the valley. This was the vocal telegraph of the islanders.

The greatest commotion now appeared to prevail. At every fresh item of intelligence the natives betrayed the liveliest interest, and redoubled the energy with which they employed themselves in collecting fruit to sell to the expected visitors. Some were tearing off the husks from cocoanuts; some, perched in the trees, were throwing down bread-fruit to their companions, who gathered them into heaps as they fell; while others were plying their

fingers rapidly in weaving leafen baskets in which to carry the fruit.

There were other matters, too, going on at the same time. Here you would see a stout warrior

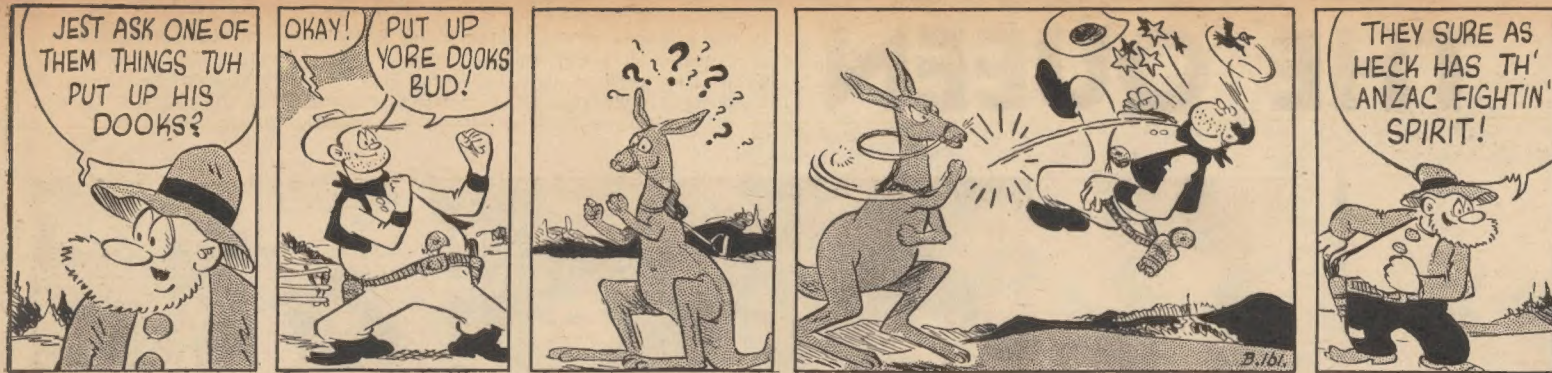
Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

He wore a battered top-hat, and usually carried a bottle in his coat pocket. His moods alternated between deep despair and cheery optimism. He was for ever hoping that something would occur to put him on his feet again. His wife, who swore she would never leave him, was generally feeding a baby. He wrote long and wordy letters, upset the schemes of a swindler, and finally emigrated to Australia, where he became a magistrate. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

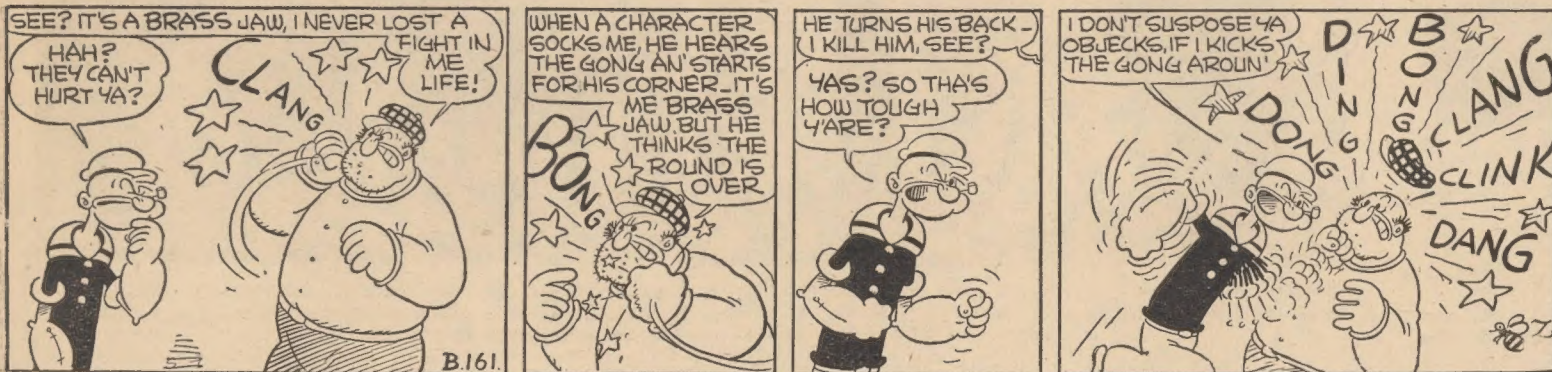
Beelzebub Jones



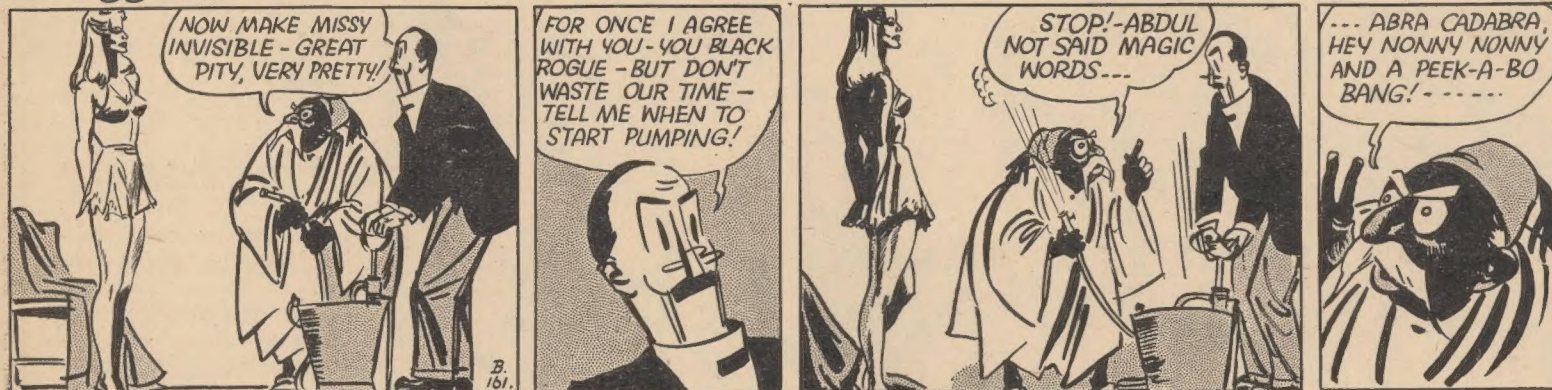
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

polishing his spear with a bit of old tappa, or adjusting the folds of the girdle about his waist; and there you might descry a young damsel decorating herself with flowers.

Never before had we seen the islanders in such a state of bustle and excitement; and the scene furnished abundant evidence of the fact—that it was only at long intervals any such events occur.

From all that we could gather,

it appeared that the natives were fearful of arriving too late upon the beach, unless they made extraordinary exertions. Sick and lame as I was, I would have started with Toby at once, had not Kory. Kory not only refused to carry me, but manifested the most invincible repugnance to our leaving the neighbourhood of the house.

The rest of the savages were equally opposed to our wishes, and seemed grieved and astonished

at the earnestness of my solicitations. I clearly perceived that, while my attendant avoided all appearance of constraining my movements, he was nevertheless determined to thwart my wishes.

Toby, who had made up his mind to accompany the islanders if possible as soon as they were in readiness to depart, and who for that reason had refrained from showing the same anxiety that I had done, now represented to me that it was idle for me to entertain the hope of reaching the beach in time to profit by any opportunity that might then be presented.

(Continued to-morrow)

ODD CORNER

THE Crusaders, travelling through the East, wore a surcoat (a linen jacket) over their armour to protect them from the sun. To advertise their names and rank, they had their arms embroidered on this coat. Hence our term, "Coat of Arms."

Portland cement has little or nothing to do with Portland. Smeaton, the engineer who built the Eddystone Lighthouse, said that good cement was as imperishable as Portland stone, and wily manufacturers adopted the name.

The use of the word "fall" for "autumn" was not an American idea. The States imported it from England. In the 16th century Roger

Ascham wrote in his "Toxophilus," "The whole year is divided into four partes, Spring, Summer, the Fall of the Leaf, and Winter."

Some years ago a notice appeared on a house at Broadstairs, saying: "This is NOT the house in which Dickens wrote 'Bleak House.'" The owner was evidently tired of answering the door to misguided hero-worshippers!

MIXED DOUBLES

In each of the two phrases given a well-known game and something connected with it is pried up—**HOCKEY** and **STICK**, for example—but that's not one of 'em!

(a) **TAR'S ODD BAR.**

(b) **CHEW SNAPS.**

(Answer in 84)

Solution to Allied Ports.
CAPE TOWN.

Answer to Who Is It?
MR. MICAWBER

Send us your stories
jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper

Gates that get you guessing

By MARTIN THORNHILL

YOU wouldn't think there was much of interest in a gate or a door. There isn't, in most of them. But on your next trip into the country keep an eye cocked for unusual specimens. You'll be surprised how many queer types there are—oddities that set you speculating.

At Tring, in Herts, is a gate that is made up entirely of farm implements: pitchforks, spades, a hoe, rake and scythe. It's a masterpiece of its kind. There is another at Moulton, Northants; a third near Sidmouth Railway Station. Every part represents some farm or garden tool.

The Sidmouth specimen was the work of the local blacksmith. Entrances to smithies themselves are often adorned with horse-shoes. The forge at Penshurst, Kent, exaggerates this idea to perfection. The whole doorway is arched by an enormous horse-shoe, correct in every detail, even to the nail holes.

There are others at the smithies of Claverdon, Warwickshire, and Glynde, Sussex. A fourth, at Carlton-on-Trent, became a garage. But it is proud of its earlier associations, the highlight of which is the fee once drawn for shoeing Black Bess.

RELICS OF THE SEA.

The smell of the sea to an old sailor is like the stench of the tropics to an Anglo-Indian soldier. It mixes with his blood. The ex-sailor can easily settle down within sight of his beloved sea, and usually surrounds himself with reminders of his old craft. He often manages to come home with, among other relics, a ship's steering wheel, which he mounts in a frame and secures to his garden gate. I have seen good examples at Braunton, North Devon; Pill Creek, St. Flock, near Truro; Cemaes Bay, Anglesey, and other places.

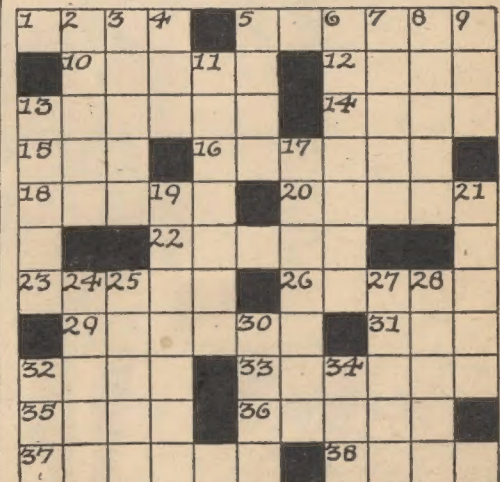
In the village of Kilmun, on the north side of the Holy Loch, above Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde, there are some unusually artistic shell designs on more than one garden gate.

Some gates and posts are made from the ribs of whales. In and near ports used by whalers these are fairly common, the ribs being one of the parts of the whale carcass for which little other use can be found since women abandoned the old armour-plate corset.

When a pair of cart-wheels have outgrown their legitimate usefulness, you may find them adorning the gate of an estate or farmhouse. A fairly well-known example is the one at Baddesley Clinton Hall, Knowle, but there are scores of others, including several near Exeter and Aberdare, one at Shalton, near Teignmouth, and another at Stickford, Lincs. The last is made from a gig wheel, of which the hub is brass, always kept polished brilliantly.

Then there are those accursed gates that enclose properties which span the highway. In Cornwall, Cumberland and Westmorland there are dozens of these. Happily, a recent invention, to be found in the Lake District, saves the motorist all the bother of stopping, opening the gate, driving through, and alighting again to close it after him. The car passes over a metal plate, which operates mechanism that opens and hooks the gate. On the other side you depress a second plate, which unhooks and closes the barrier behind you.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Place.
- 5 Proficient.
- 10 Appraised.
- 12 Girl's name.
- 13 Musical instrument.
- 14 Recompensed.
- 15 Bird.
- 16 Destructive insect.
- 18 Discuss.
- 20 Alternative.
- 22 Healing ointment.
- 23 Narrative.
- 26 Bordered.
- 29 Picked.
- 31 Retardation.
- 32 Tree.
- 33 Distant.
- 35 Save further.
- 36 Love much.
- 37 Thing to be learnt.
- 38 Northumberland river.

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Journal.
- 3 Due.
- 4 Bronze.
- 5 Ban.
- 6 Considered.
- 7 Random cut.
- 8 Choice part.
- 9 Parent.
- 11 Free.
- 13 Arrow.
- 17 Desired eagerly.
- 19 Unavailing.
- 21 Mountain range.
- 24 Away.
- 25 Accommodates.
- 27 Magnificence.
- 28 Consumed.
- 30 Fish measure.
- 32 Chum.
- 34 Witty saying.

TULIPS DAFT
OMEN POORLY
APT LAX MOP
OITHERED PI
RIOT NAB F
BEST RUBY
L HEM WERE
ON LINESMAN
TOY NOB EVE
CROOKS USES
HANK EXPERT

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SUBMARINERS DECORATED BY THE QUEEN

In the absence of His Majesty the King in the Middle East, Officers and men of H.M. Submarine "UNA" had the distinction of receiving their awards from the hands of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace. This is the first time since the reign of Queen Victoria that a Queen has decorated or officiated.



Leading-Stoker Eric P. Wynne received the D.S.M., and "Good Morning" photograph shows his four-year-old son Barrie taking a lively interest in the medal.



Outside the Palace — a group of men of the "UNA," with their wives and children, after the Investiture at which they received their awards. Left to right: P.O./Tel. G. Ross, S.P.O. R. Clark, Mrs. Clark and Robert (aged 8); L./Sto. E. P. Wynne, with his wife and two children, Eric (aged 8) and Barrie.



This England

Another ceremony, typically English, as the bride leaves home with her father to meet her groom at the village church. Though the quaint alley is beflagged only with washing, the radiant smiles on three faces betoken the spirit of the Happy Day.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wonder when ship's cats get decorated?"

